PEACEMAKER TRIES HARD!

17+
MATURE

BOOK FIVE

DC BLACK LABEL

KYLE STARKS STEVE PUGH JORDIE BELLAIRE

PEACEMAKER TRIES HARD!

BOOK FIVE

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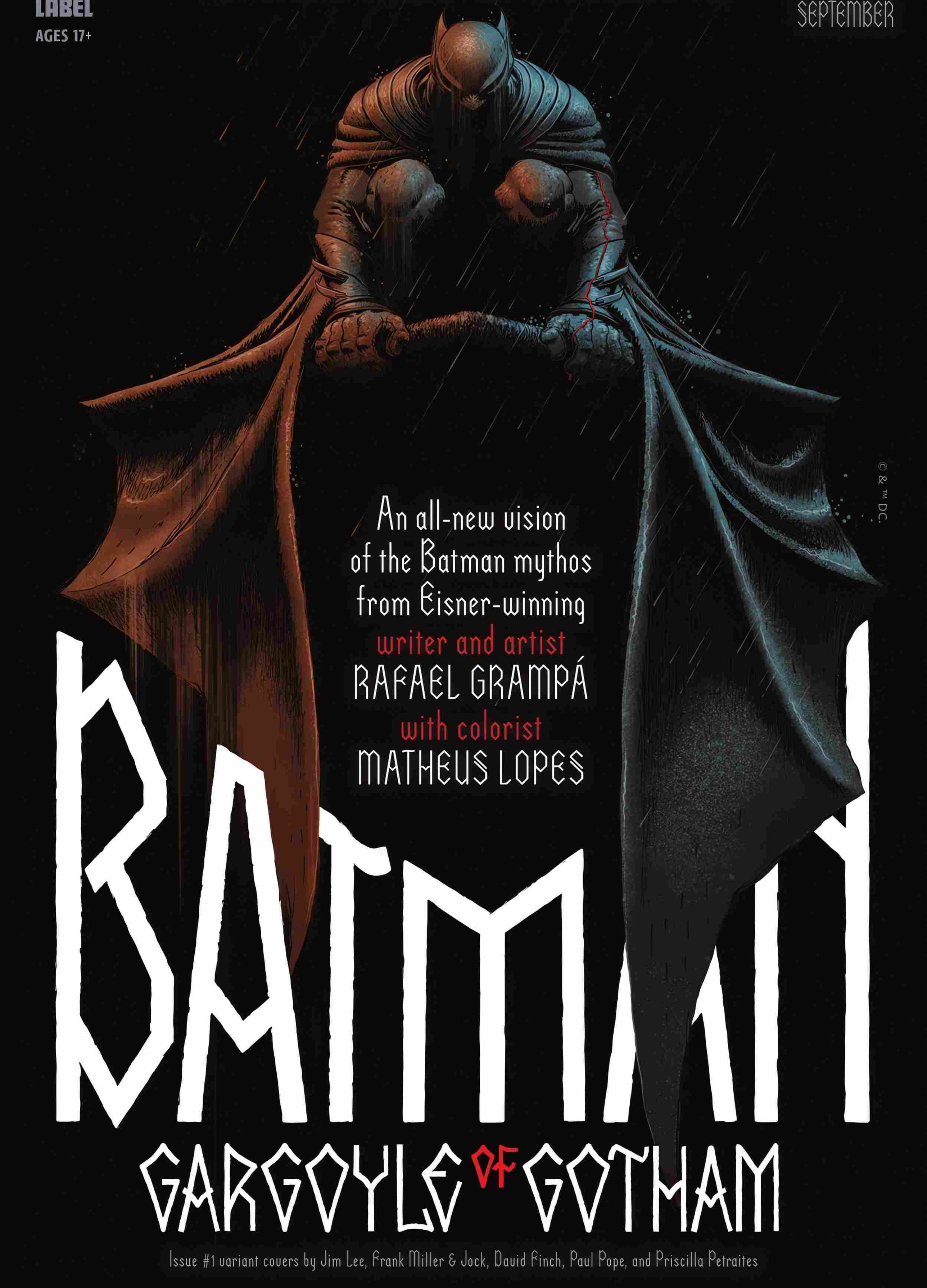
AGES 17+

TO SAVE GOTHAM CITY...
THE BATMAN MUST KILL BRUCE WAYNE.

Four issues starting in SEPTEMBER



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An all-new vision
of the Batman mythos
from Eisner-winning
writer and artist
RAFAEL GRAMPÁ
with colorist
MATHEUS LOPES

BATMAN

GARGOYLE OF GOTHAM

Issue #1 variant covers by Jim Lee, Frank Miller & Jock, David Finch, Paul Pope, and Priscilla Petraites

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LET'S PUT THESE DOG-STEALING CURS ON A BOAT DOWN THE RIVER STstyx CARRYING THEIR OWN DAMN HEADS.

JOHNNY, YOU CAN'T COME! YOU CAN'T SEE SHIT!

YOU AREN'T EVEN FACING THE RIGHT WAY.

YOU SASSING ME, BOY?

THAT'S A TREE!

STAY HERE WITH THE PLANE AND BE READY FOR A QUICK EXTRACTION, JOHNNY.

HOPEFULLY WE CAN INFILTRATE BRAIN'S BASE, GRAB THE DOG, AND GET OUT BEFORE ANYONE NOTICES.

FINE, BUT I AIN'T GONNA LIKE IT!

WHO DOES HE THINK HE'S KIDDING?

TAKE IT EASY ON OLD JOHNNY. IT MAY HAVE BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE HE OR I GOT THE CALL TO ACTION, BUT THE HERO INSTINCT *NEVER* FADES.

...WHETHER THE FLESH IS STILL WILLING OR NOT.

CHRIST, THESE OLD FUCKING KNEES.

IS *THAT* WHY YOU CAME ALL THIS WAY TO HELP ME RESCUE MY DOG FROM THESE ASSHOLES?

BECAUSE THAT'S ABOVE AND BEYOND FOR A GUY WHO'S JUST SUPPOSED TO BE MY PAROLE OFFICER.

THERE'S BEEN SOMETHING ABOUT THIS MISSION FROM THE BEGINNING. LIKE IT WAS WHAT I WAS *SUPPOSED* TO BE DOING.

BUT, ALSO, IF YOU'RE A HERO--

A *REAL* HERO--

--AND YOU SEE *PAIN*, OR *INJUSTICE*, OR *SUFFERING*, YOU JUST DO WHAT HAS TO BE DONE WHEN IT NEEDS TO BE DONE.

DUDE, SPEAKING OF HEROES--YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ***SHOULD'VE*** CALLED YOURSELF?

THE RED WASP. WASPS WILL STING YOU UNTIL YOUR TONGUE FALLS OUT, BUT BEES CAN ONLY STING ***ONCE*** AND ***DIE***.

WELL, ME AND BEES HAVE A SIMILAR OUTLOOK ON THINGS. BEES VALUE FAMILY AND THE SANCTITY OF LIFE. THEY ***KNOW*** THAT VIOLENCE AND DEATH AREN'T REALLY THE ANSWER TO ***ANYTHING***.

LAME.

BEES KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY STING.

THINK ABOUT ***THAT***. THINK ABOUT THAT ***SACRIFICE***.

TO TRADE YOUR WHOLE WORLD IN?

IT'D HAVE TO REALLY BE WORTH IT. YOU'D HAVE TO ***REALLY*** LOVE SOMEONE OR ACT FOR THE GREATER GOOD.

IT'S THE ***ULTIMATE*** SACRIFICE.

AND ANYWAY, IF BEES ***REALLY*** WANT TO KILL SOMETHING THEY SURROUND THEIR PREY AND VIBRATE THEIR COLLECTIVE BODIES UNTIL THEY CREATE ENOUGH HEAT TO ***MELT*** THE ORGANS OF THEIR VICTIM.

OKAY, NOW ***THAT*** IS BADASS.

BUT IT'S STILL TOTALLY GROSS BEES PUKE HONEY.

CHRIS, WHO'S MISLED YOU? THEY DON'T ***VOMIT*** HONEY. THAT'S NOT HOW IT'S MADE.

WHAT DO YOU THINK MILK AND EGGS ARE?

COW PISS AND CHICKEN POOP?

I MEAN, YOU'VE *SEEN* WHERE THEY COME OUT.

YOUR DAD NEVER GIVE YOU THE BIRDS AND BEES TALK?

SPIN!

I NEVER GOT WHAT THAT TALK WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT.

THAT THINGS *FLY?*

THUNK

BIG WHOOP.

I COULD FLY TOO IF I HAD WINGS AND HOLLOW BONES.

÷SIGH÷ WE'LL FINISH THIS LATER. NOW LET'S FOCUS UP SO WE CAN GET YOU BACK IN TIME FOR YOUR WEEKEND PLANS.

PFFT. *WHAT* WEEKEND PLANS?

YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE ANYTHING LINED UP THIS WEEKEND?

HOW ABOUT THIS-- WHEN WE GET BACK, WE SHARE A BEER. THE BEES AND RED BEE *LOVE* A GOOD BEER.

HOLY SMOKES, LOOK AT ALL THESE HENCHMEN!

DO THESE GUYS ALL LOOK SORT OF THE SAME TO YOU?

THEY'RE CLONES, CHRIS. PROBABLY OF THE BRAIN'S ORIGINAL BODY.

THANK GOD! I WAS FREAKING OUT THINKING ABOUT HOW BIG THE MOM'S BELLY MUST'VE BEEN WITH ALL THESE TWINS IN THERE.

WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER, WE ***HAVE*** TO HAVE THE BIRDS AND BEES TALK.

CLONES MEANS THEY'RE EASILY REPLACEABLE, RIGHT?

EXPENDABLE HENCHMEN?! I'M GOING TO KICK SO MUCH ASS!

TIME TO GET MURDERED BY THE PEACEMAKER, IDIOTS!

WHAT?

WHY AREN'T YOU FIGHTING ME?

WHAT ARE YOU POINTING AT?

THE BOSS IS *THAT* WAY! GO FIND HIM!

WE AREN'T REALLY FIGHTING HENCHMEN. WE'RE MORE OF "EXPERIMENTS AND JANITORIAL" HENCHMEN.

WE'RE REAL "*LIFE OF THE MIND*" TYPES.

BUT YOU'RE ***EVIL!*** I GET TO ***BEAT UP*** EVIL GUYS!

WE'RE ACTUALLY NOT EVIL DESPITE BEING CLONES OF SOME-ONE ***INCREDIBLY*** EVIL.

IT HAS INITIATED SOME PRETTY COMPELLING NATURE VERSUS NURTURE DEBATES HERE.

HEY, WHY DIDN'T BRAIN JUST PUT HIMSELF BACK IN A CLONE OF HIS OWN BODY?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BY THE TIME HE MASTERED THE CLONING PROCESS HE'D BEEN IN THAT OOZE TOO LONG AND HIS ORIGINAL BODY REJECTED HIM.

ANYWAY, WE'RE ALL PRETTY SMART AND CAN SEE WHAT'S COMING NEXT, SO WE'RE ALL GOING TO FLEE EN MASSE.

WE'RE NOT SURE HOW THE WORLD WILL WELCOME FIFTY CLONES OF THE SAME MAN. BUT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT. ***TOGETHER.***

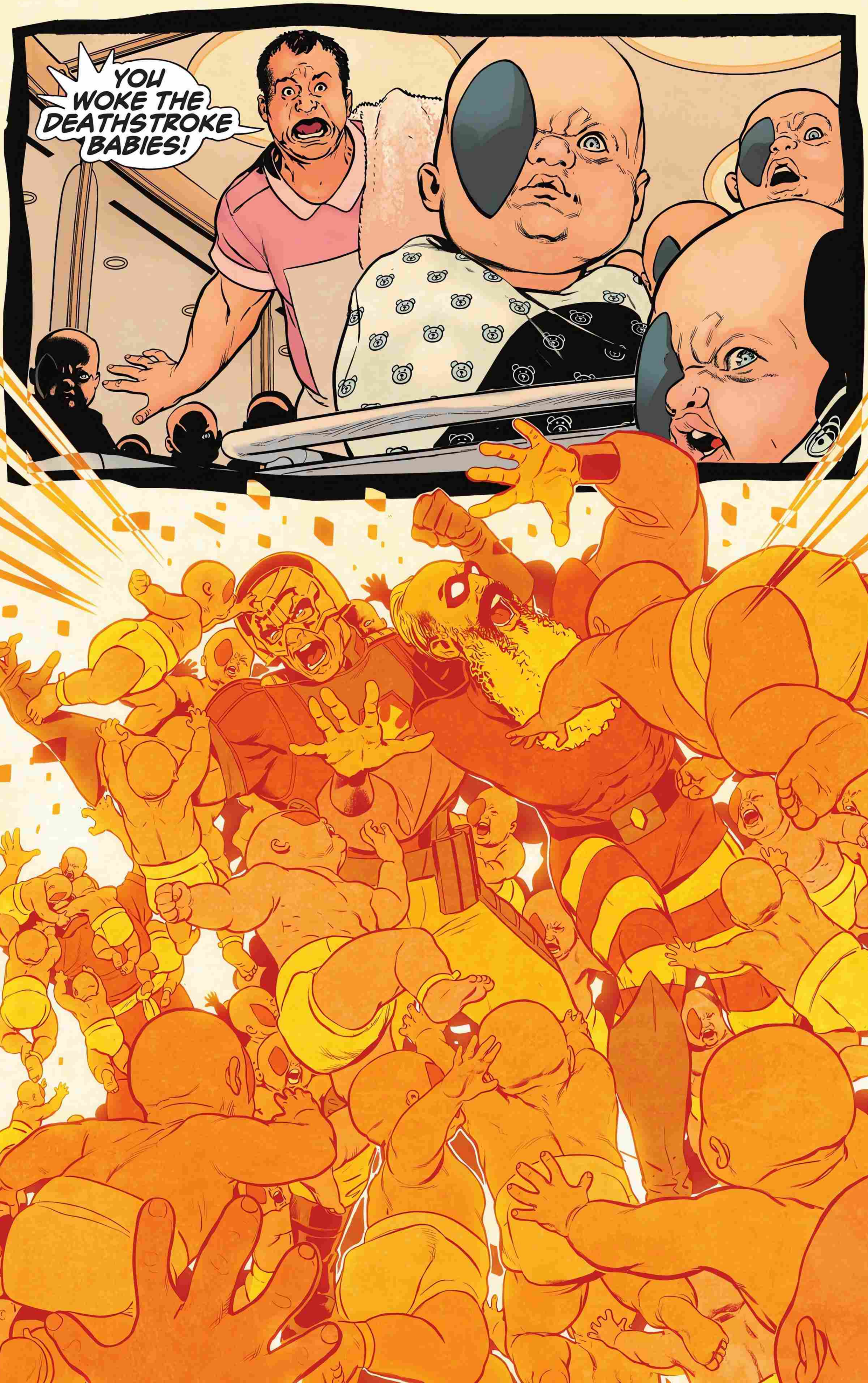
LOOKS LIKE THE CLONING LAB IS THIS WAY.

DO YOU THINK HE'S CLONED DEATHSTROKE FOR HIS NEW BODY YET?

OH, LOOK AT ALL THE--

PLEASE, DON'T WAKE THE DEATHSTROKE BABIES.

WHAT'D HE SAY?


YOU WOKE THE DEATHSTROKE BABIES!

I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MANY ***BABIES*** WE JUST HAD TO FIGHT.

FUCK, I'M NOT GOING TO SLEEP FOR A ***MONTH***. I FEEL LIKE CRYING RIGHT NOW.

WELL, YOU DID SAY YOU WANTED TO FIGHT--

THAT'S ***NOT*** WHAT I MEANT!

IT'S DEATHSTROKE! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!

DEATHSTROKE

WORLD'S DEADLIEST ASSASSIN. PROBABLY THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN ON EARTH. SEVERE BADASS.

I'M NOT DEATHSTROKE. I'M **TEEN** DEATHSTROKE!

SORRY!

TEEN DEATHSTROKE

CLONED, TEENAGE VERSION OF THE STUFF WE SAID BEFORE.

AND BRAIN SAID I HAVE TO ***KILL*** ALL INTRUDERS BUT HE'S NOT EVEN MY REAL DAD.

HE ALSO TOLD ME I WAS GOING TO BE THE *BEST* ASSASSIN IN THE WORLD WHEN I GROW UP, BUT THAT'S *SO MUCH PRESSURE.*

THAT'S A MESSED-UP THING TO SAY! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO EVEN *HANDLE* THAT?!

AND IT'S NOT LIKE HE EVEN TALKS TO ME OR ANYTHING. IT'S JUST TRAIN-TRAIN-TRAIN, ALL THE TIME.

DRINK *ALL* YOUR VITAMIN GOO. LEARN HOW TO MAKE EXPLOSIVES FROM COMMON ITEMS.

I'M A HUMAN BEING! I HAVE *FEELINGS!* I HAVE *NEEDS!*

HEY, MAN, STOP! LOOK--I KNOW ALL ABOUT WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE A SHITTY DAD.

I KNOW HOW IT FEELS WHEN YOU'RE A BURDEN OR A DISAPPOINTMENT. LIKE YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO EARN THEIR LOVE.

MY DAD WANTED ME TO BE A MACHINE OF WAR AND TRAINED ME TO KILL FROM BIRTH, AND *NOTHING* I DID WAS EVER GOOD ENOUGH.

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I *REALIZED?*

WHEN YOU GO TO THE AIRPORT, YOU HAVE TO TAKE YOUR SHOES OFF AND THEY SCAN YOUR STUFF. WHEN YOU GIVE BLOOD, IT GETS SCREENED. YOU HAVE TO PASS A TEST TO DRIVE A CAR.

BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO KEEP ANY OLD LOSER FROM BECOMING A DAD.

DUDE PUTS A BABY IN SOMEONE'S BELLY, AND THEY THINK THEY'RE KING OF THE WORLD.

BUT A GOOD DAD WOULD TELL YOU THAT YOU DON'T SUCK, AND THAT YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH DESPITE WHAT OTHER ASSHOLES TELL YOU. BECAUSE YOU ***DON'T*** SUCK, AND YOU ***ARE*** GOOD ENOUGH.

A ***GOOD*** DAD WOULDN'T LET YOU FIGHT YOUR BATTLES ALONE. A ***GOOD*** DAD WOULDN'T TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP.

THEY'D ***ASK*** YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO DO AND SUPPORT IT.

I... JUST WANT TO DANCE AND PLAY VIDEO GAMES.

THEN GO ***DANCE*** AND PLAY ***VIDEO GAMES!***

MAYBE I WILL!

GOOD! GO BE HAPPY! YOU DESERVE IT!

WHATEVER!

TEENS, AM I RIGHT?

I'M NOT SURE HOW ANYONE SURVIVES PAST THAT AGE. IT'S ***EXHAUSTING.***

I REALLY FEEL LIKE THAT COULD'VE GONE A ***LOT*** WORSE.

OH YEAH, MAN, WE DON'T HAVE ***ANY*** CHANCE AGAINST ANYTHING OLDER THAN A BABY DEATHSTROKE. THAT'S A FACT.

ARF
ARF

BRUCE WAYNE!

DUDE, HE PUT A *MUZZLE* ON YOU? WHAT KIND OF *MONSTER* WOULD PUT THIS WONDERFUL FANCY MAN IN A MUZZLE *AND* A CAGE?

OH MAN! HE MISSED ME!

LOOK, RICHARD, HE MISSED ME!

WHY ARE ALL THESE OLD WAR WEAPONS HERE?

...CYCLONE OF TERROR.

...THE FLYING TANK.

THE WAR WHEEL?

IT CAN'T BE--

RAT-A-TAT-TAT

NO!

CRUNCH!

THE BRAIN MADE ALL OF THESE--?

RICHARD, LOOK! HE MISSED ME SO MUCH!

I DID BUT CALL ME BRAIN NO LONGER. I NOW HAVE DEATHSTOKE'S PERFECT BODY SO YOU CAN CALL ME...

CALL ME... **WARMAKER.**

IT REALLY FEELS LIKE A LIFETIME AGO WHEN I MADE THESE THINGS.

THE SOLE BENEFIT OF BEING IN A JAR OF PRESERVATIVE FLUIDS IS THE EXTENDED LIFESPAN.

WARMAKER, THE BRAIN IN DEATHSTROKE'S BODY!

GENIUS-LEVEL CRIMINAL INTELLECT. PERFECT PHYSICAL FORM, BRED FOR COMBAT. A DEADLY COMBINATION!

I'M *TERRIBLY* DISAPPOINTED YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, PEACEMAKER. BUT I REALLY *AM* THRILLED I GET TO KILL YOU MYSELF.

NO ONE GIVES A SHIT WHAT YOU THINK, BRAIN.

YOU'RE A PIECE OF CRAP DOG THIEF AND THERE'S NOTHING LOWER ON THIS EARTH THAN THAT.

I HOPE YOU BOTH *CHOKE* TO DEATH ON A *FART*.

WE'RE TAKING MY DOG AND GETTING OUT OF HERE.

YOU KILLED THEM!

YOU KILLED MY BOYS!

IS THAT *REALLY* THE RED BEE?

MALLAH AND I REALLY SHOULD'VE KILLED YOU TWO IMMEDIATELY, BUT WE'VE BEEN BUSY GIVING EACH OTHER TANDEM-HANDEMS.

HAVING FLESH AGAIN IS *EXHILARATING*. AND THIS BODY IS A DYNAMO OF VISCERAL PUMP AND VIGOR.

GROSS!

GOODBYE, BEE.

LAZER-ED!

LASER BEAM!

AIN'T YOU GOT *NOTHING* TO SAY TO ME, DAD?

DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT *TODAY* IS?

YEAH, IT'S ANOTHER DAY I HAVE TO TOLERATE YOUR USELESS IDIOT FACE.

KNOCKED THE FUCK OUT!

IT'S OKAY. DON'T FIGHT.

YOU'LL BE REUNITED WITH YOUR BOYS SOON.

MICHAEL, NO--

BE GONE, YOU INFERNAL BEE!

STING

NO. NO. NO. NO. NO.

MY GOOD EYE!

OH, MICHAEL--

OH NO.

ALL YOU DO IS TAKE AND *TAKE.*

YOU SON OF A BITCH.

SLICE!

GREAT! NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TRANSPLANT INTO ANOTHER BODY.

JUST WHEN I GOT THIS ONE BROKEN IN.

MAUVAIS CHIEN!

NON! NON!

DROP! DROP!

SHAKE

SHAKE

SHAKE

GET OFF OF HIM, YOU GROTESQUE GOBLIN.

FLICK!

ARE YOU OKAY?

WHERE'S BRUCE?

HERE HE IS! MY SPECIAL MAN!

KRASHOOM

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THIS WHOLE BUILDING IS COMING DOWN! WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

WHAT IS THAT?

OH GOD.

IT'S CHEMO.

CHEMO

GIANT, NIGH-INDESTRUCTIBLE FORM FILLED WITH TOXIC CHEMICALS AND ACID. BRAIN'S NEW BODY.

TO BE CONTINUED!

ORIGINAL DC STORIES BY WEBTOON

WEBTOON

volume ONE

MARI JUST LEARNED MAGIC IS REAL.
FRESHMAN YEAR IS GONNA BE A DOOZY.

VIXEN:

NYC

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MANOU AZUMI

The hit WEBTOON series is now in print!

August

PEACEMAKER TRIES HARD!

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“TIME TO GET MURDERED BY THE PEACEMAKER, IDIOTS.”

Having earned his release from the Suicide Squad, Peacemaker wants to try and do normal superhero stuff for a change. Unfortunately everyone, including the bad guys, thinks he sucks at superhero stuff. But when busting up a terrorist ring introduces Christopher Smith to the cutest thing to ever walk on four legs, he finds the unconditional love he’s been denied his whole life. That is, until the dog is kidnapped right out from under him by a super-villain who has some very un-super-heroic plans for Peacemaker’s brand of ultraviolence.

Will he help an infamously unstable super-powered criminal steal the world’s most valuable—and dangerous—DNA? Honestly, Christopher’s pretty lonely, so it probably just depends on how nicely they ask…

Kyle Starks (*I Hate This Place*, *Six Sidekicks of Trigger Keaton*) and art legend Steve Pugh (*Preacher Special: Saint of Killers*, *Harley Quinn: Breaking Glass*) deliver a brutal and hilarious take on DC’s biggest POS that will bust guts, break bones, and melt hearts!